

Autopsy

Dismember

Fallen deity
Lying cold on my mortuary slab
Slicing and sawing
Digging deep into his head

I look deep into the deceiver's eyes
To analyze this evil mind
Destroyer of free will
Creator of mental disease

Remove the brain
Crush it between my fingers
His empty skull will serve
As my vile decoration

Incision, open torso
Removal of innards
Evisceration
Intestinal relocation
An empty shell lie
Upon my operating table
Once almighty
Now just dead flesh

6 days
Of pathological surgery
Recreate the maker
In my image
And on the 7th day
I stand back and observe
Filled with pride
Of my sick work

Y shaped stitches across his rotting chest
A disfigured corpse sewn together for public display